On me, whose all not equals Edwards moity,
On me that halt, and am vnshapen thus.
My Dukedome to a beggerly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while.
Vpon my life she finds, although I cannot
My selfe, to be a maruailous proper man.
Ile be at charges for a looking glasse,
And entertaine some score or two of taylers,
To studie fashions to adorne my bodie,
Since I am crept in fauour with my selfe,
I will maintaine it with some little cost:
But first Ile turne yon fellow in his graue,
And then returne lamenting to my loue,
Shine out faire sunne, till I haue bought a glasse,
That I may see my shadow as I passe. *Exit.*

Enter Queene, Lord Riuers, Gray,

Ri. Haue patience Madame, thers no doubt his Maie-
Will soone recouer his accustomed health. (stie
Gray In that you boroke it ill, it makes him worse,
Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort,
And cheere his grace with quicke and mery words.
Qu. If he were dead, what would betide of me.
Ri. No other harme but losse of such a Lord.
Qu. The losse of such a Lord includes all harme.
Gr. The heauens haue blest you with a goodly sonne.
To be your comforter when he is gone.
Qu. Oh he is yong, and his minoritie
Is put vnto the trust of Rich. Gloucester,
A man that loues not me, nor none of you.
Ri. Is it concluded he shall be protector?
Qu. It is determined, not concluded yet,
But so it must be if the King miscarrie. *(Enter Buck. Darby*
Gr. Here come the Lords of Buckingham, and Darby.
Buc. Good time of day vnto your royall grace.
Dar. God make your maiestie ioyfull as you haue beene.
Qu. The Countesse Richmond good my Lo: of Darby,
To your good prayers will scarcely say, Amen:
Yet Darby notwithstanding, shees your wife,

And

And loues not me, be you good
I hate not you for her proud arr
Dar. I do beseech you either
The enuious slaunders of her fa
Or if she be accusde in true repo
Beare with her weaknesse, whic
From wayward sickenesse, and n
Riu. Saw you the King to day
Dar. But now the Duke of Bu
Came from visiting his Maiestie
Qu. With likelihoode of his
Buc. Madame, good hope, his
Qu. God graunt him health,
Buc. Madame we did: He de
Betwixt the Duke of Gloucester
And betwixt them, and my Lor
And sent to warne them to his r
Qu. Would all were well, but
I feare our happinesse is at the hi
Glo. They do me wrong, and
Who are they that complaines
That I forsooth am sterne and lo
By holy Paul they loue his Grac
That fill his eares with such disc
Because I cannot flatter and spe
Smile in mens faces, smooth, dec
Ducke with French nods, and ap
I must be held a rankerous enem
Cannot a plaine man liue and th
But thus his simple truth must b
By silken slie insinuating Iackes
Ri. To whom in all this presen
Glo. To thee, that hast nor ho
When haue I iniured thee, when
Or thee, or thee, or any of your f
A plague vpon you all. His roya
(Whom God preserue better the
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathi

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